

The Pocahontas Times.

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\$1.00 A Year



Sic Semper Tyrannus

The above is a picture of Mr. Porter E. Hyer and Hon. H. B. Davenport, who seem to have the legal title to the big fish which is a blue pike caught in Elk River in Clay County, November 6, 1914. Length to fork of tail 42 inches; weight 24 lbs. 2 oz. Mr. Davenport was Democratic nominee for Congress in this district in 1904.

JOHN'S THANKSGIVING

By ANNA L. PRICE.

John was sitting by the fire with his head bowed like a bullrush, not long before a certain Thanksgiving day. His brow was clouded with a frown of discontent and gloom, strongly in contrast with the scene around him—a bright cheery wife busy here and there, happy children and many signs of domestic comfort in this home that might be reckoned among the humble ones.

At last John spoke, but if he had no better thoughts to utter than those he did utter, it had been wise to keep the door of his lips closed. Some thinker has advanced the idea that no spoken word is ever lost but the sound goes on and on and the very words will meet the speaker in eternity. Whether this be so or not, there is much in even man's late discoveries to sanction it—human work is scarcely the faintest shadow of God's power, and man only uses the material of God. There is a very solemn verse in the Bible which says, "for every idle word that man speaketh he shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."

Well, that speech of John's is not worth relating save that there would be no story without it. "I read the President has proclaimed another Thanksgiving, and I see no use in it. I, for one, will not keep it; I've nothing to be thankful for; bad luck all the year; hard times, sick so long, business dull, mill threatening to shut down and put me out of work, that doctor's long bill yet unpaid, and no chance for a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. I'd like to know what I have to be thankful for." Having made such a lengthy harangue of difficulty real and fancied, John relaxed still farther in the realms of despondency and thanklessness. The demon of discouragement had got hold of him for sure.

The laughter of the children was silenced and Mary, the good wife, whose heart was just then overflowing with gratitude to God for more mercies than she could count, felt a cold shudder run through her soul, yet did not refrain from a keen sense of the ridiculous in this long arraignment of John's against his circumstances; she knew from experience that argument with him just now would be useless; when one acts the fool in speaking foolishly it is sometimes better to yield the field and let him fight with himself.

Mary was truly glad of another Thanksgiving day; she had always been used to a cheerful time then, yet had she spent many and many a like season without the sign of a roasted turkey, delightfully appetizing as the sight may be. Then, there would be the usual thankful service at the church, which she and the children would certainly attend; there was not much hope of John going, sad to say. John did not get "belp from the sanctuary" often for the simple reason that he failed to "enter into God's

gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

John ate his supper, read a little in the daily paper, warmed himself by the good fire while the wind whined and wailed outside seeking entrance but finding no crack or crevice in the well built house. John noticed Mary's enjoyment of her evening work for Mary's sewing-machine never rested, and was she not knitting good woolen socks for him to keep his feet warm when at work in the cold draughty mill? John went to his comfortable bed to sleep the just or the unjust; but John had nothing to be thankful for. Poor man, indeed.

Sancho Panza blessed the person who invented sleep; Pancho was a heathen of Don Quixotic brain and always making mistakes. 'Tis God who giveth His beloveth sleep, natural and heavenly. We read there shall be no night in Heaven, and it is well; we shall need none there for the Lord God giveth light and we shall be like Him. But we are thankful for the night here, and the gentle poet Montgomery has it, "for our own delightful bed." "Oh, what men would praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men."—Psalms.

Mary heard movement in the living room late, and returned to find her eldest son, Franklin, still there, poring over the coals. "Were your lessons harder than usual, my boy?" "No, mother, easier. I've only been thinking." "Well, then, a penny for your thoughts." "I fear they are not worth that; I'll go to bed, my thoughts haven't amounted to much."

The truth is, that Franklin had caught at the only sensible grievance that his father made in his charges against Providence, for grumbling discontent is a direct arraignment against the ways of God who appointed our habitation. The point that the boy Franklin dwelt on was the doctor's long bill his father had complained of as unpaid, and he wondered if it would be possible for him to help pay it and get his father out of this hole. Truly "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Franklin was now fourteen, he had always studied and comported himself well at school; was considerably advanced, and why should he not now just quit school, go to work like a man and earn some money? But he knew conclusively that his parents would never consent to this; he must see the public school courses through and could not expect anything beyond that in the way of instruction. Franklin must think up some other plan for he could not quite relinquish his delightful scheme: he whistled a little, poked the coals, tied knots in his handkerchief, did other silly tricks, then gave vent abroad to the singular proverb, "there are more ways of killing a dog than by giving it cream."

The boy had considerable time between school closing and night; he would apply at the doctor's house for the privilege of doing

evening chores, running errands, etc., and explain it was for the express purpose of lessening his father's just debt. To make a long story short, the plan succeeded and Franklin was as happy as any noble nature would be under the circumstances. The doctor's family fell in love with the cheery handy boy and foundation was laid for future helpful returns beyond aught the young boy ever dreamed of. Yes, the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

An amusing anecdote must be told in connection with Franklin's first incoherent business schemes: he came into possession of an outer wrapping that was new and unusual in the family, and the boy was so fond or proud of his overcoat as to wear it needlessly and to lay himself open to good natured remarks as to the "very cold weather," when the weather was not even chilly. At last the bulky garment became a troublesome burden; he was forever forgetting it, and was glad to safely deposit it in his mother's wardrobe. Finally it was disposed of with his full consent and approbation, and the place that knew said garment knew it no more. One stormy frigid morning, Mary enquired of her son why he did not wear his overcoat, and received a pleasant evasive answer, but the next inquiry met a free explanation—"I sold it, mother." "Sold your overcoat?" "Yes, I did not need it and I needed the money."—So the independent, original, generous boy worked along and finally made the man you might have expected. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

We must return to thankless John. There came an evening when he awoke to some degree of appreciation and he said, "I believe, Mary, I ought to be thankful for several things—for you, the children and Franklin"—as if Franklin were not one of the children—"for home, health and strength to work, and," he paused dimly aware of other blessings he could not specify. Mary added, "for all that and more." "What else?" mused John. "Why, the constant care and love of Heavenly Father, and the gift of eternal life through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Have you accepted this gift, John?"

"In the last of Mark's Gospel, we read that the angel, the young man clad in a long white garment, and occupying the Saviour's empty tomb, said to the women who came seeking Jesus, He is not here, He is risen. Go tell His disciples and Peter, etc. Now, Peter was one of the disciples, yet the naming here of Peter was very significant and becomes an interesting item in studying Peter's history."

DISTRICT INSTITUTE

The first district institute for the Greenbank district was held at Greenbank Nov. 13, by Supt. B. B. Williams.

The institute convened promptly at 9:30 a. m. and was opened with devotional exercises by Rev. T. A. Burch.

The following teachers were on time at 9:30 a. m.—Mrs. Hodge, Mrs. Gladwell, Mrs. Mann, Misses Stella Brown, Grace Moore, Gaynell Vottingham; A. B. Hoke, A. W. Curry, O. E. Hodge, Earl Evans. Those who were tardy, Viola Bible, Mabel Gillispie, Flora Gillispie, Flossie Conrad, Clara Sheets, Alva Baker, Nina Curry, Anna Porterfield, Rebecca McKeever, Elizabeth Herold, Mayme Gingar.

This was an excellent institute. Many topics of interest to the teachers were discussed by the Superintendent and teachers. We were glad to see so many young teachers take part. We feel that all the teachers have been benefited by this institute and will go to their schools feeling that the institute has been a great help to them. We were very glad to see so many visitors present. We hope they will be with us again at our next Reading Circle which meets at Greenbank, December 10, and have a real Social Center Meeting.

The people of Pocahontas county are fortunate in selecting their county superintendent, for he is already acquainted with the conditions as they exist and has set himself to making many excellent changes for the educational welfare of the county. Remember your co-operation in making the schools of this county the best in the state is an essential now as on November 3rd, last.

Mrs. V. B. Mann, Sec.

Did you know that Thanksgiving was on the way, Yes, the President says so, it's Thanksgiving Day; November, 4th Thursday, 1914, that's true, And a jolly good time, boys, as ever you knew.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

The outbreak of foot and mouth disease has already affected an area so large that it is evident that most active measures are necessary to eradicate it. Cases have been found as far apart as Iowa and Massachusetts, and at the time of this writing (Nov. 10) 13 states have been quarantined—Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin, Maryland, Iowa, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and Delaware. Interstate shipments of live stock from these States is absolutely prohibited, and such articles as hides, straw, hay, etc., must be thoroughly disinfected before they can be moved in interstate commerce. Both in virulence and in extent of area affected the present outbreak is more serious than any of the five previous ones which have occurred in the United States.

These previous outbreaks have not been sufficiently serious to familiarize farmers with the symptoms of the disease or to render them fully alive to the losses that it occasions when permitted to gain a firm foothold. One of its most dangerous characteristics is its extreme contagiousness. Not only may it be conveyed directly from one animal to another, but it may be transported in fodder, picked up from the ground and carried over the country by cats, dogs, and chickens, or communicated through the agency of man. Cases have already been found in which it seems certain that the disease was spread by the curiosity of farmers to inspect suffering animals. They returned from these visits to communicate the disease to their own previously healthy herds.

The contagiousness of the disease explains the action of the Federal authorities in quarantining such large areas. The practice is to clap a blanket of quarantine on the State in which a case of the disease has been found, and then, by careful investigation, determine the exact area infected. When an animal suffering from foot-and-mouth disease is discovered in a herd the whole herd is at once slaughtered. Otherwise

of infection and a menace to the entire community. It is customary to appoint an appraiser to value the herd. One-half of the appraised value is paid to the owner by the Federal Government and one-half by the State. The slaughtered animals are buried in a deep trench, their hides slashed to make it useless for anyone to dig them up again, and the carcasses are saturated with quicklime. In this manner previous outbreaks have been completely stamped out and there is every reason to hope that this will be the case this year.

The chief danger is that there may be infected herds whose existence is not reported to the proper authorities. Farmers are therefore urged, both for their own protection and as a duty to their neighbors, to report immediately all cases of suspicious sore mouths or lameness among their stock.

Foot-and-mouth disease affects chiefly cattle, sheep, goats and swine, but there are a number of other animals of less commercial importance which are also susceptible. Occasionally human beings are affected but in the majority of instances the disease is not severe in the case of man. Children, however, may become dangerous if their milk is infected.

The first indications of the disease are a chill followed by a high fever, the temperature rising rapidly, sometimes to 106 F. In a short time vesicles about the size of a pea appear in the mouth at the end of the tongue, on the inside of the cheeks, and on the gums. These vesicles contain a yellowish watery fluid. They spread as the disease advances and cause the animal to open and shut its mouth unasily with a characteristic snacking sound. A day or two after the first appearance of the eruptions in the mouth similar indications appear upon the feet, which are swollen, red, and tender. Because of this the animal frequently persists in lying down, and bedsores develop with much rapidity. In the case of cows the udder and more frequently, the teats are affected by a similar eruption.

Once the disease is well established it becomes so painful for the animal to eat that food is frequently refused altogether. Strings of saliva hang from the mouth, and flesh is lost with astonishing rapidity. When the udder is seriously affected the milk becomes contaminated and may cause serious results to sucking calves and young pigs. In mild cases from 10 to 20 days may bring about an apparent recovery, but this time may be greatly extended. Moreover, an apparent cure is by no means a real cure. The animal may carry the virus in the

blood for a year or more and is liable during all this time to spread the contagion as to experience a recurrence itself. The mortality, considering the seriousness of the disease and the losses it occasions, is very small, being estimated by some authorities as 5 per cent, although it is frequently much greater than this. The mortality, however, by no means represents the real losses occasioned by the disease. No revenue is possible from infected herds, and in the case of dairymen an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease frequently means that their business is ruined. Blooded stock or other cattle that have become sick with the disease naturally lose their value as breeding animals. It is, however, impossible to get rid of the disease by ignoring it. The only possible remedy is to kill off infected herds, disinfest the premises, and begin over again.

What the disease means to those countries where it has gained a real grip is shown by the fact that on its last serious outbreak in Germany the German Government spent \$2,000,000 in fighting it. In 1890 official statistics showed that in the German Empire 431,255 head of cattle, 230,868 head of sheep and goats, and 153,808 swine were affected with the disease. During the same year the pestilence ravaged live stock in France, Italy, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Roumania, and Roumania. In 1883 it was estimated that the disease cost England \$5,000,000. On the occasion of the last outbreak in the United States in 1908 \$300,000 was appropriated by Congress, and with the exception of a few hundred dollars it was spent in stamping out the disease. This of course does not include the indirect loss caused by the interruption of business and other factors.

While the Federal Government is active in fighting the disease through its power to control interstate commerce, cooperation on the part of the State authorities is most essential. The quarantining individually of infected farms is a State matter, and it is, of course, a most essential precaution. Farms on which the disease has broken out should be as strictly quarantined as if some contagious human disease had been found. Since the germs can be transported by cats, dogs, chickens, or human beings, nothing should be allowed to leave the farm until the proper disinfecting measures have been taken. In particular, farmers are urged to keep away themselves, and to assist in keeping others away from all infected animals. The inspectors who do the slaughtering and disinfecting are supplied with the necessary equipment of rubber gloves, coats, boots and hats, which can be thoroughly disinfected as often as necessary. Others who lack this equipment merely help in spreading the disease over the country when they visit or inspect sick animals.—From Bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture.

THE LADIES' AID
We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home, It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome. It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town, And when 'twas dedicated, why, we planked ten thousand down; That is, we paid five thousand—every deacon did his best. And the Ladies' Aid Society, it promised all the rest.

We've got an organ in the church—very finest in the land, It's got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand. And when we sit in cushioned pews, and hear the master play, It carries us to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away. It cost a cool three thousand, and it stood the hardest test; We'll pay a thousand on it—the Ladies' Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas; They'll bake a thousand angel cakes and tons of cream they'll freeze. They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or more; And then they'll start all o'er again for a carpet on the floor. No; it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest, When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says, "We'll pay the rest."

Of course, we're proud of our big church, from pulpit up to spire; It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire. But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks, I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs. And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the regions blest, That men will get the toil and sweat, and the Ladies' Aid—the rest.

—Christian Observer.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI

The following letter, dated at Cairo, Ill., is from Ligon Price, of Dunmore, who, with a Mr Morgan, of Raymond City, is going down the Mississippi to New Orleans in a gasoline motor boat. Both are taxidermists and will collect and mount waterfowl to be found on the river. The start was made from Raymond City, on the Kanawha, below Charleston, on November 4. They will be gone all winter, going and returning and will probably be home by April 1.

We are now lying up at the wharf at Cairo, Ill., at the mouth of the Ohio. We have had good luck so far, although the river is very low, the lowest it has been for years. All sidewheel packets are laid up and tow boats also. The only boats that are running are yachts and light stern-wheelers. We saw several boats stranded two and three hundred yards from water. Our boat draws only two feet of water and we stuck several times and had to prize off. We struck several bad winds that made rough sailing. We struck a bad sand and wind storm Sunday and had to tie up.

The boat is rocking so now I can hardly write, and the river boiling like a tea kettle. We thought we would leave today but it is too stormy just at present and the waves are too high—some are jumping five and six feet.

We stopped at Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville, and Paducah for gasoline and to get and send mail. We also stopped at Cave in the Rocks a few hours. This cave was used years ago as a rendezvous for river pirates, who robbed flat boats, etc. The last robber, James Ford, was killed in 1824. He was the last so far as there is any record. This cave is about ten yards from the river and is about thirty-five feet high and about two hundred feet long, with several side rooms. The names on the ceiling were written during the big flood of 1913, when people rowed in and wrote them. This will give you some idea how the flood was.

We will start down the river in the morning to parts unknown. Drop me card at Memphis, Tenn. on receipt of this.

LIGON PRICE.
November 19, 1914.

Everette Galford, engineer for the Flynn Lumber Co. at Spice Run, broke his leg last August, and in setting it the doctor failed to make the bones meet. He was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, where the bone was broken and straightened, and Saturday he was taken through here with his limb fixed so that it will be as good as before the accident. He was accompanied by G. G. Thompson of Millpoint.—Ronceverte Times.

The Greenbrier and New River Valley Round Table meets at Ronceverte December 4 and 5, 1914. L. B. Hill, W. T. Barbe, L. J. Corby and J. F. Marsh are among the speakers of the occasion. Pocahontas county teachers are especially requested to attend. A very profitable time is anticipated. R. E. James, Pres. Kincaid, W. Va.

TOP ALLEGHANY

Everybody in this section seems to be pleased with the election returns.

The weather has been too dry for good corn husking, but we had good showers Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Top of Alleghany school was closed last week on account of small pox, but commenced work again Monday.

Edward Truman has purchased an automobile from Uriah Hevener.

W. H. Barkley took a load of grain to Dunmore mill Tuesday.

A fine young horse belonging to Charles Spencer, cut himself very badly by jumping on the yard paling Thursday night. He was cut in the breast about ten inches long and seven inches deep.—Dr. Miller of Monterey, was called and rendered surgical aid. The horse will probably recover.

Howard and Max Kramer were at Bartow Tuesday.

George Dudley came over Tuesday to look after his interests in the Thornwood burnout.

Kenton Winloth raised a potato that weighed five pounds. This is the largest we have heard of in this section.

Born, to Jason Simmons and wife, November 9, a daughter.

Jesse Wooddell made a flying trip to Bartow, Wednesday.

Rev. J. D. Glick, of Bridge-water College, preached two able and interesting sermons here Saturday night and Sunday night. He was on his way to Arboreal to preach the funeral of Edward Lambert. He was accompanied by D. L. Ever and daughter, and were traveling in an automobile.

NEW HOPE

The farmers are all occupying their time in getting wood and preparing for cold weather.

Miss Eva Mae Bussard, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. C. Dilley, in Marlinton, and relatives at Cloverlick and Stony Bottom, returned home Monday.

Misses Grace Moore and Myrtle Bussard attended the district institute at Greenbank last Friday.

E. F. Detamore has finished sawing ties for Mitchell Sharp. He will move his mill to Frost to do some sawing for Clay Dreppard.

Mrs. Jerry Dilley of Deer Creek visited her sister, Mrs. Snoden Bussard, last Sunday.

Mrs. W. A. G. Sharp is visiting her daughters, Mrs. E. N. Bussard and Mrs. C. W. Dilley.

Mrs. Zane Grimes-Grimes is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Henry Gragg at Hosterman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Grimes of Cloverlick, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Pat Howdysshell.

There will be a box supper at the Mt. Pleasant school house Saturday November 28, beginning at 8 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Though repine, and reason chafe, There came a voice without reply, 'Tis man's perdition to be safe, When for the truth he ought to die.

—Emerson.

Does your stomach "bloat"?
Do you have "heartburn"?
If so, do not put off coming to us for something to relieve you. Most sickness comes from overloading and then neglecting the stomach.
Whatever be your needs in medicines and drug store things, come to us for them. You will get the best made. After you see your doctor see us.

KEE & McNEILL
DRUGGISTS
Marlinton W. Va.
WE TAKE CARE